SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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(From the Philadelphia Casket.

CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR.

[illegible]

Childe Harold.

THE [illegible] BARQUE.

"Black as a wolf's mouth," growled Irvine, as he tumbled up the gangway to relieve the watch. "By all that's good I can't see a fathom before me."

"Ay, Mr. Irvine, but it's nothing to what I've seen off the Irish coast, mayhaps just before a storm, when the fog's been so thick that I could [illegible]

[illegible]

Lost Virtue.

When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds, through leafless forests rushing,
Like full hearts break—
When the swollen streams o'er crag and gully rushing,
Sad music make,
Will there be one, whose heart despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through the clay,
Will there be one still on that spot repining,
Lost hopes all day?

When no star twinkles, with its eye of glory,
On that low mound,
And wintery storms have with their mines hoary,
Its loneness crowned,
Will there be then, one, versed in misery's story,
Pacing it round?

It may be so;—but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed—
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow,
From hearts which bleed,
The wailings of to-day for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me, then, gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart;
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start—
It were in vain, for time has long been knelling
Sad one depart!

From the Ladies' Companion.

HARD TIMES!

FLORENTIA'S SECOND LETTER TO HER COUSIN.

Dear Cousin:—And now that I have made all due inquiries about the good people at home, I will, since you request it, continue my adventures in this city. You may remember Mrs. Manly, whom I met at Cousin Sophia Cotton's. She has called upon me, accompanied by her daughter, Cornelia, and we were so well pleased with each other, that we have become quite intimate since. They are a charming family—quite a contrast to the worldly people among whom I dwell. He is a merchant of great probity, and is reputed wealthy. His wife and daughters are well educated women, possessing refined manners, and are, withal, very pious. They live in a handsome house, richly furnished, and move in what is called "good society." All this is, however, in moderation, for among their furniture, [illegible]

[illegible]

while I have a large family, and young children? If I always take out and never put in, will there not be an end soon, think you?"

"Nonsense, James! there is no need of retrenchment. If business is low now, it will soon revive again."

"So you ladies imagine, who stay at home and enjoy what we acquire with so much anxiety. We merchants have exhausted every means of increasing business, and I do not really see what we can do—do you, Cotton? Credit system—banking system—every system tried, and still 'hard times'—'money scarce,' is all the cry. The best thing we can do, will be to go and plough."

After much conversation upon the same subject, our assembly broke up in 'admired disorder,' and we returned home. A few days of stormy weather kept us all in the house. The sky, however, cleared at last, and a bright sun soon dried the streets. Sophia called upon us to invite us to join her in a shopping expedition; Helen declined, but I, thirsting for fresh air accompanied her. Broadway looked very brilliant. Its shops were filled with rich goods of all descriptions, and its side-walks crowded with ladies, clad in robes of costly silks, furs, and feathers, looking as if the words retrenchment and hard times were never uttered by their pretty Grecian mouths—and if they ever entered their little classic heads, were soon dislodged by a scornful toss, and sent down the wind for the use of more vulgar people.

I soon saw they had been spouted by Sophia. After sundry visits, and much shopping in various parts of the city, our sleigh drew up before a fashionable confectioner's. We entered, and to my surprise, Sophia ordered confectionary to a great amount. When we had re-entered the sleigh, I said—

"What are you going to do with such a quantity *of dulces*?"

"I dare say you are surprised," she replied, "after all the nonsense Edward said, the other evening, about economy, and such vulgar things. I soon talked him out of it, and gained his consent to give a large party: for I can do any thing with the dear good soul."

I was so struck with Sophia's weakness, that I could not speak cordially to her for some time. How could she thus abuse the power she possessed, and make use of the very love her husband bears her, to influence him to conduct which his judgement condemns? She saw I disapproved of [illegible]

[illegible]

LAST HOURS OF LOUIS XVI.

FROM MADAME TUSSAUD'S MEMOIRS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

At length the 11th of December, 1792, was the day fixed for the trial of Louis the Sixteenth, and he was escorted from the Temple to the National Convention by six hundred picked men, who surrounded the carriage which contained the monarch, three pieces of cannon preceding, and three following the vehicle; the advanced and rear guards were composed of bodies of cavalry. An immense concourse of persons beheld the sad procession; but Madame Tussaud observes, that they did so, without evincing any symptoms of approbation or otherwise; a very few shouts were heard, and all passed on slowly, having an air of solemnity which seemed to awe the spectators.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

GENERAL NEWS.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

GENERAL NEWS.

New York Census.—The population of the New York School Fund counties is 2,428,000 by the census of 1845. The number of children entitled to the State on the 1st of July last, was 1,176,—and the number of children reported to the Superintendent on the Tuesday the first, 1,051,—leaving 125,000 not reported.

The total appointment for the year 1845 is $4,782,814, or on average of $3 93 to each child. The expense for the present year is estimated at $4,100,813 50.

Mere Fancies.—It is stated by an Albany paper, that a man named Slater, who had very recently purchased a farm in Rensselaer county, was found murdered in his house on Mr. Van Rensselaer's estate, last week about midnight, by a large body of the tenantry, disguised with white sacks, &c. who entered, shot him dead, and left the house, first setting fire to it.

Canada Wheat.—There was a terrible snowstorm on the canker wastes at New Haven last week, which had been brought out by the warm weather. Myriads of the grub and fly were entrapped by the process resorted to preserve the crop.

The Fire in Newark, N. J.—We learn from the Newark Advertiser, that, the fire which occurred in that place on Friday night, destroyed one dwelling house and one store. The insurance on dwelling house is $1,000, and on store, $2,000. The loss is estimated at between $11,000 and $12,000.

The Recent Gales.—The sails ship left London on the 1st inst. and Portsmouth on the 2d. She may be expected on Wednesday or Thursday of this week. Her passage, though not a short one, has been unusually long, and fears have been entertained for her safety.

Naval Retrenchment.—The U. S. sloop of war Erie, Com. T. Taylor, Esq. commander, has sailed at Pensacola from New York, Com. The Pensacola Gazette states that Scott Aaron was about shipping Marines, and has already demanded his passports.

Explosion.—The drying house attached to Mr. James Boddy's Powder Mill, seven miles from Bellefonte, in the Pike Run, was blown up with the ground on Friday last, by the explosion of 80 kegs of powder. Fortunately no person was injured.

Fire and Loss of Life.—The dwelling of Mr. Mathias Engler, in Newport Township, Luzerne county, was destroyed by fire on the 25th ult. and five children and a brother of Mr. Engler perished in the flames. Mr. E. his wife, and a Miss Weiss, were also badly burnt.

Attempted Assassination.—A German attempted to drown herself on Tuesday last, by jumping from the pier of the Warren bridge, Boston. A boy named Hildreth, observed her in the act, and succeeded in snatching her down under until both were taken out in safety.

Fire.—The dwelling house in Centre County, belonging to Ruth Lucas, on Penny's hill, while the family were absent at church, took fire, and with all its contents was consumed.

National Monument.—The Treasurer of the Washington Monument Society, reports that on the 15th of October last, there were in bank $24,000 58, including $200 in Bowden Academy.

Grasshoppers in Missouri.—A large number of grasshoppers of different colors, and about the size of wingless moths, have appeared in Fredonia, (Conn.) on the 23d ult. Conjectures are many as to where they came from.

Professorship.—James Hollingshead has accepted the appointment of Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the Albany Medical College, in place of Professor Rome, resigned.

Suicide.—Mr. Alexander Spear, of Warren, has committed a rational act of suicide. He was found hanging in the garret of his father-in-law's house, recently, by cutting his throat with a pocket-knife.

Accidental Shootings.—C. Crawford, accused in Lowell for passing counterfeit money, and committed to prison, committed suicide on Friday last, by hanging himself in his cell.

Mortality.—By the arrival of the packet ship Ashburton, at this port, we learn that deaths had occurred on the 18th ult. on board that vessel, among the steerage passengers, from Measles, Scarlet Fever, and Typhus Fever. The whole number of deaths on board the Ashburton, during the voyage, was 20.

Fire.—Yesterday, by and with the consent of the directors.—James Dunlap, Secretary of Pennsylvania.—Thomas H. Burrowes, Superintendent of Common Schools.—Joseph Ritner, late Governor of Pennsylvania.—Thomas Elder, late Secretary of the Land Office at Harrisburg.—Edward Miner, late Editor of the Gazette.

Destructive Locusts.—A young writer in New York, named Wolcott, has made an improvement in the Daguerreotype, by which he can take the most perfect likeness of persons during the sitting of one minute.

Prison Catastrophe.—The convicts of the county which was destroyed by the bursting of the Lehigh dam, have petitioned the Legislature to erect a new prison, to be built of certain parts of the ruins of Fort Penn.

A report was read on the 30th January, recommending the adoption of a law to establish a court martial for the trial of robbers and murderers.

Mr. Vos Burgh, of Connecticut, Pa. to address himself to the members of our countrymen in the and United States.

Mr. Speaker, I am about to address you on a subject of the most vital importance to the people of the United States, and to the whole civilized world. I allude to the present and future condition of the Republic of Texas. I am aware that the subject is one of great delicacy, and that it is fraught with difficulties of no ordinary character; but I am sustained by the conviction that the time has arrived when the people of the United States should be informed of the true state of affairs in Texas, and of the designs of those who are now in power in that country. Our present relations with Texas are peculiar, and of a character to be well understood, upon the subject, in consequence of the recent action of the Government of the United States upon the question of annexation. The people of the United States have, by a series of systematic efforts, been misled. Mistaken views, originating in the minds of visionary men, have been industriously and artfully fostered by designing politicians, until the public mind has become fully prepared to receive the grossest misrepresentations in regard to the character of the Texan people, and the condition of their country. The English system of intrigue has been successfully practised in Texas, and the people of the United States, by persistent efforts, have been induced to look upon Texas as a country of unbounded wealth, and of unsurpassed fertility. Should this opportunity be lost, and the work of delusion be suffered to go on, the people will fall into the snare which is laid for their destruction, and Texas, which is destined ever to be a source of weakness and danger to the United States, will fall into the hands of a foreign and hostile power. Texas is, in fact, a country of comparatively little value. Its climate is unhealthy, and its soil is unproductive. Those persons who have visited Texas, and who have had the best opportunities of judging correctly, concur in the opinion that the country is not worth the cost of occupation. Texas is a country of sickness, of poverty, and of misery. Its people are ignorant, and are destitute of the means of education. Its population is composed of the most abandoned characters, who have fled from the United States to escape the punishment due to their crimes. Murderers, robbers, and outlaws of every description, have found a refuge in Texas, and are ready to fight for any cause which will promise them plunder. Texas is a country of adventurers, and not of settlers

THE OLIO.

> Variety's the spice of life,
> That gives it all its flavor.

Untold Miseries.

BY FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

Young Love sents out of the meadow's heart
And faultlessly attend in the light enshrined
Now prest, little soul! tell me what then art?
Cloud the maiden, weak wonder and fear-pained!

And the boy roared back, from his baby bower,
In clusters of rose colored, curling hair,
And said, with an eloquent smile and bow—
"I am Love, at your service, lady fair!"

"Love! Love!" quoth the maiden, with start and surprise,
While the glow on her cheek to her temple did rise;
What! Cupid! the vagrant—the thief! Do I dream?
How dared you steal into my virgin soul?"

Nay! don't be prevented, Lady!" he said,
"You, yourself, let me into it." "I, sir! is-ed when?"
"In childhood, when 'and the spring blossoms you plap'
I was playing there too—how I shamed since then!"

"I was fond of the flowers—I mistook your young heart
For a meetest bed! blown—and unaware, in I flew,
And I where sweet thoughts bloom, I am ashamed of myself."

From a home so refraught with blame. Fugitive not
now!
And said, "Angel! I come back! You'll be happier
for!"

"I, child!" said the girl, "go to sleep and don't cry!
I don't do without you. Love, scrub as you may!"

SIBERIAN MAGNIFICENT CHRISTMAS.—At Constantinople, that grand ceremony was recently performed, called the khyrgoui slegif, in which all the members of the imperial family, the chief officers of state, proceeded with great pomp to the old seraglio, for the purpose of uncovering the "holy black robe of the prophet"—khyrgoui sherif—which there lapsed in a certain inner chamber, enveloped by forty coverings of the richest stuffs. After the act had been performed or displaying this venerable relic to the bold daring [illegible] which took place between a very long and earnest form of prayer, his highness, and all who attended him, kissed the garment in succession, and which was then plunged into a basin of water, and this consecrated element having been reverentially tasted, each of the guests was filled by the Sultan Agar, sealed with his own signet and sent to every one who assisted at the ceremony, as a preservative against calamities of all kinds throughout the ensuing year.

ADVENTURE.—About half a league from Palos, on a solitary height overlooking the sea-coast, and surrounded by a forest of pine trees, there stood, and stands at the present day an ancient convent of Franciscan friars dedicated to Santa Maria de Rabida. A stranger travelling on foot, accompanied by a young boy, stopped one day at the gate of the convent, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child. While receiving this humble refreshment, the guardian of the convent, Friar Juan Perez de Marchena, happening to pass by, was struck with the appearance of the stranger, and observing from his air and accent that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him. That stranger was Columbus, accompanied by his young son Diego. He was on his way to the neighboring town of Huelva, to seek a brother-in-law, who had married a sister of his deceased wife.

A FINE CF.—A gentleman in a neighboring town, remarkable for his shrewdness, had made repeated requests to the selectmen to have a road laid out, place in the road near his house might be repaired, of, which, however, they took no notice. One winter evening's lodging, that near the spot, between were passing, their carriage broke through the ice. The gentleman came to his door, and, observing their case, ran without cloaks in snow and water, endeavoring to extricate their carriage, then accosted them—"Ah! good morning, gentlemen! I am very glad at length to see you just entering in my business."

PAY IN ADVANCE.—A Norman priest, many of whose parishioners had not made the most honorable exit of this world, insisted, when he was baptizing one of their children, to be paid the capital and lawful fees, as well as those of baptism; and when the parents asked the reason of this extraordinary demand, he replied, "Because I know, as sure as he is grown up, he will cheat one of my dues, by going to Paris to be hanged."

MAKING THE BOARD WIDER.—A gentleman passing through Seven Oaks, in Kent, observed on a sign in the road the following lines, which the company he found to be the offspring of the landlord's brain:—

"I John Stables, hereby here,
Sells good brandy, gin, and beer,
I entail my horse's wind wherein,
Under you horse I sell good wine."

AN IRISH TELESCOPE.—Sir Frederick Flood was one day observing to a friend, that he had a most excellent telescope. "Have you yon church," said he, "about a mile off? it is hardly discernible —but when I look at it through my telescope, it brings it so close that I can hear the organs playing."

A RARE LEGACY.—A gentleman lately dead, has left by will a sum of five hundred guineas to his wife, adding a clause that she was not to have the benefit of it till after her death, in order that she might have wherewithal to be comfortably buried.

PLAIN DIRECTIONS.—"Represent me in my portrait," said a gentleman to his painter, "with a book in my hand, and reading aloud. Paint my servant also, in a corner where he cannot be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me when I call him."

WHAT WAS WHEAT MADE FOR?

> THE WOMEN were made to bewitch—
> A pleasure, a pain, a satisfaction;
> A slave, or a tyrant, a blessing or curse—
> But WHEAT was made to be—WHEAT!

ROMANCE OR INTRIGUE.—The Queen Marie Antoinette said to M. de Brissac, "Brissac, I am in favor to ask of you." "Madame," replied he, "if the thing be possible, it is already done; if impossible, it shall be done."

A MONEY KETTLE.—At Cheltenham church-yard, England, is the following epitaph on a child:

> If time so early I am done for,
> I wonder what I was begun for.

NOT TO BE SELECTED.

> None of Tom's tame apron I'll swallow ...
> Since he spoke the truth and duped me hollow.

TALLEN'S BELL.—The Walker Scout, alluding to the sentence of a tailor's bell, on fitting off a coat to a cavalry officer, says—"They say it takes nine tailors to make a man—apparently one is sufficient to rule him."

A RIDDLE.—A man plastered his gun the other day instead of a wild plant which he had picked up in the woods and never discovered his mistake till it began to shoot.

NATURALIZATION.—The Egyptians never would permit the manufacture of sausages in their country, because they looked on dog-killing as one of the worst species of delicide.

WOMEN AND CATS.—Christopher North says, it is no wonder women love cats, for both are graceful, and both domestic—not to mention that they both scratch.

A SHORT SET.—"Boy, what is your name?" "Robert, sir." "But what is your other name?" "Bob."

A Texian Reminiscence.

FEARFUL SLAUGHTER.—On our return travel from Santa Fe, Governor Armijo gave us an escort of seventy-five Spanish soldiers, commanded by Ventante, or Lieut. Hernandez. They were to see us as far as the Arkansas and then turn back to our fate. We travel by the Semirone road, a shallow stream which affords to the trader the advantage of water, but not a stick of wood or timber grown upon its banks. In dry weather this want of wood presents no serious inconvenience to the trader, as the "chips of other days" found in abundance, and make excellent fuel; but when rain overtakes the wanderers on this portion of the road severe privations are the consequence. Our party suffered this privation only for about eighteen hours. A cold wind came on, accompanied with heavy rain, soon after we started upon our afternoon travel. Night descended, and still the rain continued. We held on our course, for we had left the Semirone in the morning, and there was no chance now of either getting wood or water until we reached the Arkansas. We continued travelling in the dark until the rain-drops began to give out, and we had comparatively fine weather. Endeavored was our only resource, and we halted.

The Spaniards have a kind of flour-sack for those made of pounded corn, sugar, and other articles which they carry in bags in the same manner mexicans as the prefect. A little rain water was scooped up from hollows in the ground, and a cold comfortless meal was made. Our fire was extinguished. We turned our animals loose and prepared ourselves to make the best of our situation. The Spanish soldiers, in the meantime, kept guard the night, and our only care was to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. We rolled ourselves in our buffalo robes, and after listening awhile to the dull moaning of the still night wind; the dash of the rain, at intervals swift and heavy, and again dying away; the quick challenge of the sentinels from their posts, and the other, Quien vive? and the watchword in answer, Mejico: after listening to these sounds for a short time we fell into a profound slumber, and did not awake until the Spaniards, in the earliest light of morning, had again prepared for us the dish of cold porridge.

We soon encountered our first difficulty in the Arkansas was now an impassable necessity. Four miles had died during the night from fatigue, and were left behind. When a gallop was the night, and the poor dispirited beasts remaining could now scarcely crawl. After two hours travel we had distinguished a town in the distance, and at night wished A. M. we were camped on the banks of the Arkansas. We rested the remainder of the day, allowing the animals to graze and recruit, and the next morn after breakfast crossed, commenced feeding the formidable river that crosses our path. Before starting, however, we had a little incident with a band of buffalo worth nothing. A large herd came to the opposite bank of the stream to drink, and a little wooded island intervening, our presence was not observed. Our Spanish escort had with them a brass six pounder, which they levelled at the drinking herd, and fired away. The ball struck over the island, skimmed the water, and plunged into the opposite bank in the very centre of the herd;—but none of the band were hurt, or if they were, they managed to get away, and left us to our journey that in two moments not a buffalo was in sight.

We have had two wagons with ten mules in each. After leaving the last favorable place for to cross, the mules, without much difficulty, were led into the water, dragging the lumbering wagons after them. In the one was the wife of Hogarth. Some of the Spanish servants stripped off their clothing, and waded the stream with notching and shouting, and after much trouble and muddies, in the common Indian mode. The wagons were drawn slowly through the water by the mules; the Spanish traders, folded closely in their blankets and mounted upon their mules, followed, driving their long iron spurs into the lazy animals, while the soldiers, who were now to have no further charge, kept the Mexican side of the river, waving their hats to us, and shouting A Dios, at the tops of their voices, as we arrived upon the opposite bank. We were all safe once more upon the soil of the United States. The Spaniards cast many a longing, lingering look upon the land they were leaving, but our hearts were bounding with thoughts of home, and we cheered the Mexican, strangers with *buenos de* to the United States.

The Wild Horse.

The following picturesque and graphic description we take from the Orleans Picayune. It appears in a series entitled "Prairie Sketches."

We were water-bound at "Walnut Creek." The rain had been falling all night in our camp, and for the three days we had remained listless and idle on the banks of the stream. The fourth day came, and still the water covered our ford, and as we could not proceed on our travel, three of us, weary of idleness, determined to start in pursuit of Buffalo. We discharged the old sentry from our fire-arms, and, having carefully loaded again, we mounted and rode off. As yet we had seen no buffalo, and that was an odd ball, with flesh as tough as leather. We started at eight in the morning, and rode two hours and a half without seeing a thing that had life, except the innumerable squirrels, flies, and ground insects. We rode through beds of sun-flowers miles in extent, with their dark sooty centres and radiating yellow leaves that were bending low through the day from east to west, and drooping when the shadows close over them, as though they were things of sense and sensation. These beds are sometimes beautifully varied with a delicate flower of an azure tint, yielding no perfume, but forming a pleasant contrast to the bright yellow of the sunflower.

About half past ten we discovered a creature in motion at an immense distance, and we instantly started in pursuit. Fifteen minutes more brought us near enough to discover by its fleetness that it could be a buffalo, yet it was too large for an antelope or a deer. On we went, and soon distinguished the cracked head, the flowing mane, and the beautiful proportions of the wild horse of the prairie. He saw us, and spared away with an arrowy fleetness till he gained a distant eminence, when he turned to gaze at us, and suffered us to approach within four hundred yards, when he bounded away again in another direction, with a graceful velocity delightful to behold. We pursued —for to pursue him with a view of catching him was clearly impossible. When he discovered we were not following him, he also paused; and now we approached him, inspired with as great a curiosity as ourselves experienced; for, after making a slight turn, he came nearer, till we could distinguish the beautiful proportions of his head, clear bright eye, and the quick curl of his inflated nostrils.

We had no hopes of catching, and did not wish to kill him; but our curiosity led us to approach him slowly, for the purpose of examining him more closely. We had not advanced far, however, before he moved away, and circling round, approached us on the other side. THIS a beautiful animal—a horse, with a jet black mane and tail! We could see the muscles quiver in his glossy limbs as he moved; and his eye, bright and half in flight, he trotted his flowing mane in the air, and flourished his long silky tail, our admiration now at an end, and we longed—hopelessly, unanimously longed to possess him.

Of all the brute creation the horse is the most admired by man. Combining beauty with usefulness, swiftness, and docility, he gold it thus admiration. But, though the finest specimen of its kind, a domestic horse will ever lack that magic and indescribable charm that house like a bob around the simple name of freedom. The wild horse, roving the prairie wilderness, knows no master, and—he never felt the whip—never changed in his mind the bit to curb its native flexibility, but gambols unmolested over its grassy house, where nature has given it a beautiful supply of pasturage. Lordly man has never set upon its back: the spur and the bridle are unknown to it: and when the thousand causes on his fleet trained steed, with none in hand to control him, he bounds away over the velvet carpet of the prairie, swift as the straw from the Indian's bow, or even the lightning darting from the cloud. We might have had him for the asking, but had we been starving we would scarcely have done it. He was free, and we loved him for the very possession of that blessing we longed to take from him,—but we would not kill him. We fired a rifle over his head: he heard the shot and the whizz of the ball, and away he went, disappearing in the next hollow, where my himself against the crested the distant rolls, still seeming smaller, until he faded away in a speck on the far horizon's verge.

Next we bounded on a speckled cow-herd, and spots on a hill about three miles distant. We knew them to be buffalo, and immediately set off in the pursuit.

A Good Smack.

In the endless variety of E'S writing to be met with in the scribbling scrawling world, there seems to be a great difference of opinion, of late, as to what constitutes a good E'. When a fair lady sends a fair note and requests the pleasure of your company by his on a given evening, that is declined a fair E'. When a man writes you that unless you pay that note he holds against you in 94 hours, he will send you to jail, that may be called a jolly E'. When a gentleman sends you an exceeding polite note, only demanding the satisfaction of blowing out your brains, that is considered an honorable E'. When a lady, in writing a billet down with a quill plucked from the wing of Cupid and with such a fine delicate stroke as to be invisible except to the keenest eye, that is without doubt a lovely E'. The Lord's Prayer written in the compass of a half dime, is a very fine E'. When a gentleman sends you a pass, and the one dispirited breasts remaining could now scarcely crawl. After two hours travel we had distinguished a town in the distance, and at night wished A. M. we were camped on the banks of the Arkansas. We rested the remainder of the day, allowing the animals to graze and recruit, and the next morn after breakfast crossed, commenced feeding the formidable river that crosses our path. Before starting, however, we had a little incident with a band of buffalo worth nothing. A large herd came to the opposite bank of the stream to drink, and a little wooded island intervening, our presence was not observed. Our Spanish escort had with them a brass six pounder, which they levelled at the drinking herd, and fired away. The ball struck over the island, skimmed the water, and plunged into the opposite bank in the very centre of the herd;—but none of the band were hurt, or if they were, they managed to get away, and left us to our journey that in two moments not a buffalo was in sight.

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The Wild Horse.

The following picturesque and graphic description we take from the Orleans Picayune. It appears in a series entitled "Prairie Sketches."

We were water-bound at "Walnut Creek." The rain had been falling all night in our camp, and for the three days we had remained listless and idle on the banks of the stream. The fourth day came, and still the water covered our ford, and as we could not proceed on our travel, three of us, weary of idleness, determined to start in pursuit of Buffalo. We discharged the old sentry from our fire-arms, and, having carefully loaded again, we mounted and rode off. As yet we had seen no buffalo, and that was an odd ball, with flesh as tough as leather. We started at eight in the morning, and rode two hours and a half without seeing a thing that had life, except the innumerable squirrels, flies, and ground insects. We rode through beds of sun-flowers miles in extent, with their dark sooty centres and radiating yellow leaves that were bending low through the day from east to west, and drooping when the shadows close over them, as though they were things of sense and sensation. These beds are sometimes beautifully varied with a delicate flower of an azure tint, yielding no perfume, but forming a pleasant contrast to the bright yellow of the sunflower.

About half past ten we discovered a creature in motion at an immense distance, and we instantly started in pursuit. Fifteen minutes more brought us near enough to discover by its fleetness that it could be a buffalo, yet it was too large for an antelope or a deer. On we went, and soon distinguished the cracked head, the flowing mane, and the beautiful proportions of the wild horse of the prairie. He saw us, and spared away with an arrowy fleetness till he gained a distant eminence, when he turned to gaze at us, and suffered us to approach within four hundred yards, when he bounded away again in another direction, with a graceful velocity delightful to behold. We pursued —for to pursue him with a view of catching him was clearly impossible. When he discovered we were not following him, he also paused; and now we approached him, inspired with as great a curiosity as ourselves experienced; for, after making a slight turn, he came nearer, till we could distinguish the beautiful proportions of his head, clear bright eye, and the quick curl of his inflated nostrils.

We had no hopes of catching, and did not wish to kill him; but our curiosity led us to approach him slowly, for the purpose of examining him more closely. We had not advanced far, however, before he moved away, and circling round, approached us on the other side. THIS a beautiful animal—a horse, with a jet black mane and tail! We could see the muscles quiver in his glossy limbs as he moved; and his eye, bright and half in flight, he trotted his flowing mane in the air, and flourished his long silky tail, our admiration now at an end, and we longed—hopelessly, unanimously longed to possess him.

Of all the brute creation the horse is the most admired by man. Combining beauty with usefulness, swiftness, and docility, he gold it thus admiration. But, though the finest specimen of its kind, a domestic horse will ever lack that magic and indescribable charm that house like a bob around the simple name of freedom. The wild horse, roving the prairie wilderness, knows no master, and—he never felt the whip—never changed in his mind the bit to curb its native flexibility, but gambols unmolested over its grassy house, where nature has given it a beautiful supply of pasturage. Lordly man has never set upon its back: the spur and the bridle are unknown to it: and when the thousand causes on his fleet trained steed, with none in hand to control him, he bounds away over the velvet carpet of the prairie,

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Written on reading the writings (in 1833.) of G. A. B. a young lady who died, several years since, with an affecting testimonial to her piety in her prime.

> Be full that thing; beneath the cloud
> Could prophet ever utter so proud?
> That they were driven for her feast
> She hasted to get joy, for supper upon
> The all containing Heavenly One—
> The sacrifice and Son!
>
> She fretted not about the way she was consigned!
> Calm was her eye and virtuous mind,
> And longed her time-worn heart to be Delaware's bread.
> When every human hold on it was by,
> And the last light of parting day
> Shown from the very West.
>
> Then such a one there is on right
> More noble, more supremely great!
> To be has been to victory—
> Sweet to HIM's feet—HIS's only skin!
> The better for those—Thou Lamb
> Or on with that Gloriana with.

She died while young. Consumption laid
Her wasting hand upon her head,
And marked for He the maiden tomb.
Her eyes had drooped her hoary age—
While youth's sweet bright was in her eye,
And on her cheek the bloom

And sweetly died that tender flower—
That angel in an earthly home!
Her spirit fled to her God's bower,
As softly bright, as mildly pure,
As in a clear and summer day
Wipes gone on a cloudless sky.

Her friends all resolved her part!
But chief the "memories kind and sweet"
Dwelt on the mother's tender heart
Who still will mourn her till she meet
Meet her in realms of everlasting day
Among the early blest!

A.
Bristol, Pa. mo. 7th, 1846.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Wrott in the grasse of a friend.

> It is strange, and whose delightful evenings,
> which in the pleasant valleys of New England,
> usher in the month of June. I have just returned from the village churchyard, a place to me sacred dear by many a hallowed association. For a few years since last I visited it, and oh, how changed! How many a tenant has taken up his abode in its hitherto silent dwellings in the time! The cold marble tells of the unbroken rest of some loved companion of my early days, or some pious friend. Then I look there, and there is a happy hour, made desolate by the destroyer, Death. Ere I left the place I turned to seek a friend's grave, which when last I looked upon it, stood apart from the general resting place. As I left it, even so I found it. It was the grave of one of the fairest of New England's fair daughters. A full century has not yet passed and she died—from her birth to the hour of her death. When a fondle one child, she had accompanied me in my schoolboy rambles, gathering flowers and there a wild-flower, or chasing the butterfly in its artful flight. As she ripened into womanhood, she was still my companion. And on many an evening like the present have we wandered forth to enjoy a passing hour and lecture some trifle on the society. Under the guidance of her mother she became the possessor of all those acquirements, which can add beauty to woman's character. Idolized by her friends and admired by all, she seemed destined to fill the highest place in the sphere allotted to her sex. Such was she when I left her father's hospitable mansion for a distant College. Disease had not yet fallen on that gentle form, and never were there brighter prospects for a young and lovely being. But a few months passed by when a message reached me that Consumption had marked her for his victim. I trusted it as an idle rumor that would soon pass away, but when I again returned to occupy, the flowers he cultivated, all were objects of her especial regard. Her sons rose, however, was her chief favorite; and though she could no longer behold its beauty, she could inhale its fragrance, and cherish it for the sake of its donor.
>
> It was the latter part of June, and the last bud was lingering upon her bush, when Maurice received a letter, requesting him to perform my task, Elsie, cried he, as he caught her in his arms, 'I have gained money enough to carry us to Italy.'
>
> "To New York: what do you mean, Maurice?" exclaimed the agitated girl.
>
> "Did you not suspect my purpose, sister?" said Maurice, as he led her to a seat, and placed in her hand a roll of bank notes: 'they are for you, Elsie; all for you; we will now go to New York and try what the doctors can do for your poor eyes.'
>
> The idea of recovering her sight had never before occurred to the patient child. Hope, gratitude, and the remembrance of the wrong she had done her brother in thinking him mercenary, completely overpowered her, and she sank half fainting on her brother's bosom.
>
> The preparations for their journey were made, and early in the autumn, Maurice and his blind sister set out on the pilgrimage, accompanied by the blessings of all who could appreciate patient endurance and disinterested affection. Travelling by short stages, the invalid was not fatigued, and rest were out with fatigue before they arrived at their destination. It happened that your father, Anna, was at home from a short professional visit in the south, about two days' journey from the city, he met the brother and sister. His feelings were strongly excited in their favor, and finding some entire strangers in the place, he offered them a home in his own house, until they could learn the probable result of their visit. This happened when Elsie's eyes were almost blind, and she was what surprised, when your father came home, to find him accompanied by a rustic-looking boy and a little girl. The latter was led by the former, and into kinder feelings, and my best efforts were exerted to contribute to their comfort.
>
> A young and skilful oculist was sufficiently recovered from her fatigue, your father applied to a skilful surgeon, and after stating to him the particulars of their history, desired his opinion of her case. The surgeon examined her eyes, found the cataract of the disease to be cataract, which in all probability could be immediately removed by a successful operation. The truth and gentleness of the patient, the frankness of her brother, combined with the tale of his self-devotion, were sufficient to enlist every one in their favor. The surgeon immediately offered to assemble a consultation of physicians, and perform the operation gratuitously. This proposition was made to me now among the doctors met. Elsie occupied an elevated place in the centre of the group, with your father support. Her brother stood beside her, pale and sad, but holding her hand in his, and myself standing at her side with a bottle of salts. When I saw the glitter of the surgical instruments, I was weak enough to turn away, and I heard not a word or thing of the operation. But as the surgeon, with a rapid touch, operated first upon one eye, and then upon the other, I heard the exclamation of each physician, and Elsie uttered a deep sigh, and fainted in your father's arms. Maurice, unable to utter a single word, looked imploringly in the Doctor's face.
>
> "It is all right, my good Maurice," said Doctor ——, "your sister will be able to see in a few days strength for the moment, but after her eyes have been gradually accustomed to the light, she will be able to see as well as ever. Thank God!" exclaimed Maurice, bursting into tears. All sympathized in his feelings, for I believe not one of us could repress a tear as the pale child of misfortune was led into a darkened chamber. "Was it a dream?" exclaimed she, as she gradually recovered her consciousness, 'was it a dream, or did I indeed behold the light of heaven for one blessed moment?' Alas! alas! it has already faded forever!"
>
> "No, my sweet sister," exclaimed Maurice, God has mercifully restored to you the blessing of sight. Your eyes are darkened now, but not with the film of blindness; a few days and the light of heaven will once more bless your sight."
>
> Elsie clasped her hands, and her lips moved as if in silent prayer, as Maurice kissed her forehead and turned away to hide his own emotions.
>
> Elsie's recovery was very slow. Excitement and fatigue had overcome her feeble frame, and

NEWS FOR THE FARMER

From the Farmer's Companion.

On Mail-Proding Cattle.

In the management of our cattle, as in the management of our crops, much is lost for want of system and regularity. The stall-feeding of neat cattle for the butcher is annually increasing, and deserves attention in interest, as no progress in the culture of roots. There is probably the difference of one third to one half, in the profits of the business, whether it is well or badly managed. Under this view of its importance, we extract from the "Farmer's Series" the following compendium of the management recommended:—

"The first point is the comfort of accommodation; for in whatever way they (cattle) may be placed—whether tied by the neck or loose in a house—they should have the security of perfect shelter from the weather, with a certain degree of warmth. Cattle are generally placed in stalls, the sheds should be broad, the roof low, and the floor well covered with an abundance of dry litter. We are, however, decidedly of opinion, that cows should be fattened for the dairy more promptly; though we do not coincide in the idea that it will be promoted by too much heat: and those who would fatten cattle quickly, must have a degree of healthful ventilation. In those stalls litter is very frequently dispensed with—or else there is not so much as should be used. And yet there can be no doubt that animals enjoy the comfort of a dry bed as well as their master, and the more they seek repose in it the better.

"The next is strict regularity in the administration of food—both as regards the stated quantity and the time of supplying it. The periods may be regulated as the feeder thinks proper; but, whenever adopted, should never afterward be altered. Oxen are quiet animals, and slow: which are fed in the house soon acquire a proper knowledge of the exact hour at which food is usually given; and if that be transgressed, or the quantity be not furnished, they become restless; but if the time and quantity be strictly adhered to, they remain tranquil until the next period arrives. If no disturbance takes place, they, indeed, generally lie down to ruminate, and nothing will be found to forward the process of fattening more than this perfect quietude: a little oats, the stalks should not only be well bedded, but light should be very much excluded, the animals should be kept as warm as possible, and access as far as possible prevented—and, in short, every means should be used to promote sleep, which is the greatest promoter of fat.

"Some persons serve out food as often as five times a day; but the most prudent, and the best, is that which is given at as soon as possible after the first rising of the sun, and some time before sunset; which enables the animals to fill their bellies, and to have sufficient time for that quiet digestion which is interrupted by too frequent feeding: by stating that the quantity should be moderate, we however allowed merely to the not allowing the animal to have as much as to cloy him: he ought always to have as much as he can fairly eat with a relish, but the moment he begins to toss it about, it will be then evident that the measure of his appetite is satisfied, and it should be instantly removed.

"The last is thorough cleanliness. The animal should be opened before day-light, and well cleansed, both by pail and broom, from every impurity. After the animals have been satisfied with food, whatever remains should be immediately removed, and the cribs and mangers should be swept out, and washed, if necessary; and the floor should be given another sprinkling of fresh litter. If their hides be then wiped, it usually occasions a very pleasurable sensation: as they begin to lick themselves clean, and the whole of the skin is condensed by the curry-comb, the better appearance of the beast will well repay the trouble."

Herds, Conductor Wharton.

I see it stated in your paper of Friday, that the probable reason why the canker worm continues to destroy the fruit trees, is because the birds which the birds are protected. I was reminded of a remark in Peabody's Life of Wilson, the ornithologist:

"He enters into a deliberate calculation of the exact value of the services of the red-winged blackbird, which certainly bears no good reputation. He finds that there are a million of pairs of bird fifty insects a day, which would be about allowance, a single pair would consume 12,000 in their broods of young. There are a million of pairs of these birds in the United States, the amount of insects is less by twelve thousand millions, that if the red-wing were exterminated." Let any person during the brooding season of robins or other birds, rise by break of day and count the number of times old ones return in one hour with worms and insects, or, if he can, let him count through the day, and the number will be found to be almost incredible. The province of killing birds for any reason whatever is not strictly indicative of cruelty and want of feeling, but is accordingly detrimental to the interests of the community.

And, now that I am upon the subject of insects and worms, let me add that there is a very unreasonable prejudice against toads. They are exceedingly valuable in gardens and other places, in consequence of the exterminating warfare they are constantly waging against bugs and worms. Any person who has them in his garden has a treasure there; and if he will watch them closely, he will find them accompanying every step by way of preserving his squash and cucumber vines and other vegetables that he can do with all his troughs of liquid.—*Boston Courier.*

An eye to Number One.

Much has been said of the disposition evinced by some legislators to turn every action of their own to their personal advantage, instead of the benefit of their constituents. The following anecdote is a neat bit at the practice.

On Cox Cincinnati.—Sure yours eyes, says the Legislature of one of the middle States were forming a new Constitution; the discussion of its various provisions was warm and obstinate. Many days had been spent in fiery debate, and the vote was at length about to be taken. Just at this moment, a country member who had been absent for some days previously, entered the House and took his seat. Another member, who was in favor of the amended Constitution, rose to him and endeavored to make a convert of him.

"You must vote for the Constitution, by all means," said he.

"I'll think of it," said the country member.

"But you must, make up your mind at once, for the vote is about to be taken."

The country member scratched his head, and seemed puzzled.

"Come, why do you hesitate? Will you promise me to vote for the Constitution? I am sure it will give general satisfaction."

"I'll vote for it on one condition," said the country member. "What is that?"

"And on no other,"

"But what condition is it?"

"Why, that they let it run by my farm."

Cheese Premium.

CHEESE PREMIUM.—Among the Chinese, eminence learning or talent is rewarded by public education and preferment. The first years attached are spent in committing the canonical books to memory; another six years are required in regard the students with phrases for a good style; and an additional number of years are required to make them familiar with the sense. Those who are not successful become, of day, the Chinese may be heard chanting the sacred books, and till late in night the same task is continued. Of one who is related that he was so diligent enough to read with a book before his nodding to sleep. Another, more resolute, was in the habit of driving an awl into his thigh, when inclined to slumber. One night he suspended his book to the horns of his buffalo, that he might learn while following the plough; and another hung his tails in the window of the room that he might steal a glimpse of his neighbor's light. They tell of one who feared that the time assigned him was too short, gave up his book in despair, and was returning in a manned employment, when he saw an old woman rubbing a crowbar on a stone; he asked her the reason: she replied that she was going to make a needle of it. The thought she would rub down the crow-bar till she got it small enough. The patience of the aged female provoked him to make another attempt, and he succeeded in attaining to the rank of eminence in the empire.—*Mediacut on the State and Prospects of China.*

Lady Executrix.

LADY EXECUTRIX.—In coming down town early the other morning, we encountered a party of ladies and gentlemen on horseback. It seemed to us at first that the spectacle was a common one, but when we looked upon the ruddy cheeks and glowing countenances of the fair riders, and remarked their evident enjoyment of the delightful exercise, we were disposed to alter our opinion. How many pining forms and hollow cheeks might be filled out, how many languid and gloomy countenances lighted up with smiles, if a habit so healthful and so agreeable were early adopted! We know of no more graceful sight than a lady on horseback; and we think every mother should see to it that her daughter is one Victoria manage her steed. She is said to be the best horsewoman in the world, but those who have seen her do not never seen our belles on horseback.

HEARING AND EYE SIGHT RESTORED. From an Ohio paper. Mr. Hopkins.—There is a man residing in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, who is advertising and giving help to those cases.

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